

Together in Death (rewrite)

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Summary: Rewrite of my first attempt at a one-shot. Summary: It is a joyous night for the Vikings as they celebrate a recent victory but the merriment is crushed when Stoick the Vast finds his son dead in his room.

1. Part 1

****Hey everyone. Here is the re-write of *_**Together in Death**_**. I'm much happier with this one than the original. ****

****Please note: this is not going to be the only chapter. Enjoy!****

Stoick the Vast and his life-long friend Gobber entered Stoick's home in a drunken stupor. They had been in the Great Hall celebrating with their fellow Vikings regarding a recent victory. It wasn't a victory in the sense of a battle but a victory nonetheless for today they had received news that Princess Merida, the daughter and heir of their greatest enemy, had been cut down by an assassin.

Everyone had joined the celebration. Stoick had not seen his 19-year-old son, Hiccup, at the Great Hall but Gobber had assured the chief that he had been there. It was well past midnight when they decided to go home.

Arms wrapped around each other's shoulders, they stumbled uphill towards Stoick's home, singing merry songs. They slammed the door open, unknowingly throwing it off of the hinges, and laughed boisterously,

"Oh, the Gods have smiled on us, Gobber!" Stoick declared proudly, searching for more drink,

"Aye," The blacksmith agreed, "They have!" He laughed but stopped suspiciously when he noticed how quiet it was on the second floor. He

couldn't brood long as Stoick pushed a large bottle against Gobber's chest.

"The finest mead in the archipelagoes, my friend!" Stoick beamed, noticing his friend taking a quick glance to the second floor. Stoick drunkenly punched his shoulder, "You open that and I'll go get Hiccup! Oh Thor, he'll be happy with this news! Hiccup!" The large man bellowed as he walked towards his son's room, "You would not believe the good news I have! Princess Merida is dead! It won't be long now before-" Stoick's voice got stuck in his throat as he opened the door to Hiccup's room. He nearly fell to the ground at the horrifying sight that greeted him.

There, hanging with a rope around his neck, was Hiccup, his green eyes wide and lifeless.

"G-Gobber" Stoick gasped out, stumbling to find something for support, "Gobber!" The chief screamed. He heard the heavy footsteps running up the stairs,

"What is it?" He called as he entered the room, "Beard of Thor!" He whispered in shock at the sight of the dangling body.

Stoick leant against his son's desk, his breathing heavy and near uncontrollable. A night of joy, merriment and celebration had turned into his worst nightmare.

The next moments were a blur for the grieving chief. At one moment, he was in his son's room; the next, he was outside with countless of others as they watched them respectfully carry his son's body and the body of his Night Fury out of the house to prepare for the funeral rituals. Underneath the blur of tears, he saw Gobber approach him,

"Stoick." He said quietly as he held out a piece of folded parchment. Stoick slowly took it and saw that it was addressed to him. He walked away from the crowd towards a cliff overlooking the sea. Slowly, trying to keep his hands from shaking, he opened the letter, hearing his son's voice as he read,

_My Dearest Father, _

By the time you find this, I'll be dead. I didn't want to leave you so soon but I had no other choice. There was no point for me to live any longer. How could I live knowing that the woman I loved with all my body and soul was dead at the hands of my kin? Yes, I was in love. I know you'd think it was Astrid that I spoke of but I wasn't speaking of her.

I speak of someone I met two years ago, only a few months before the war with DunBroch. I was flying with Toothless over the forests near DunBroch. I was mapping the area and I got distracted by the staggering amounts of green when we suddenly crashed. I woke up to the sight of a beautiful young lady with fiery hair and ocean eyes. She told me her name was Merida but not much else.

_Friendship grew quickly. She showed me the land and taught me how to use a bow (or tries to). I often took her with me to the skies on Toothless and we flew as far south as London. But the declaration of war changed everything. We tried to meet regularly in the forest but

that didn't always work. But when we did meet, our bond grew more and more, soon passing the boundaries of friendship and growing into something I had never thought of: love. Our first kiss took place in the light of a full moon. At that moment, I felt like I could do anything. Fly, see the Gods, be with her for eternity._

Shortly afterwards, the war escalated and it became harder for me to meet her but when we did, it was the happiest moment of my life. But like most things in life, those moments ended. Two days ago, she promised that she would come back the following day. I waited for her in the usual spot.

She never came.

Tonight, I entered the mead hall to a raucous party. Why there was a party I didn't know. I had to ask a half drunken Gobber for the answer.

_"Princess Merida is dead!" He cried. Fear clutched at my heart. I asked him if he knew what she looked like. He described her as a fair maiden with fiery hair and ocean eyes. It was _my _Merida that was dead. _

_Despair overwhelmed me, the tears flew freely because without Merida, I was just like I was before I found Toothless: nothing. Without Merida, I am truly nothing. _

When I stumbled home, Toothless tried with all his might to lift me from my despair but he couldn't, no matter how hard he tried. I told him what I was going to do and he said to me, "Then I'll join you."

I could be with Toothless in life but with Merida, I couldn't. Now we can be together in death.

I regret nothing in my life, Dad, only that I wasn't the Viking you wanted me to be. Please, keep going with your life and don't cling to me like you did when Mom died; I couldn't bear to see you nearly waste away again.

I want you to know that I'll miss you and I dearly hope and pray with all my heart that someday we'll see each other again in Valhalla.

I love you, Dad.

Hiccup.

The letter was crumpled under the pressure of Stoick's hands as waves of emotions came. First, he felt anger, rage and disappointment. Hiccup had betrayed the Vikings by falling in love with the daughter of their enemy. With a yell of frustration, he threw the letter into the sea before collapsing to his knees in grief.

For a long time, Stoick the Vast sat there and cried. He no longer felt angry towards his son. Now he only felt remorse and regret. His son loved his enemy and, blinded by pride and hatred, he had destroyed his son's only happiness.

Stoick stood up, knowing what he had to do. He walked back to the

village with his head held high but his shoulders sagged. He first found Gothi and Gobber. They were surprised and shocked when he told them to not perform the rites on Hiccup, stating he had one last duty to do as a father.

He walked to his home and wrote a letter to his enemy.

2. Part 2

****I really don't have anything to say about this part. Anyhoo, enjoy part 2****

A letter had been sent. A letter of grief and a letter of condolences. But it was also a letter asking a favor.

King Fergus and Queen Elinor of DunBroch were as surprised as any at the sight of the small Terrible Terror bearing the letter of Stoick the Vast.

The Queen read the letter out loud to her husband. Both their eyes were filled with tears as the tale of the two lovers was revealed in Stoick's words. As she finished reading the letter, neither she or the King could find it in their heart to deny the chief's request to bury his beloved son with their beloved daughter.

The royals quickly wrote a reply and, within a day, the Vikings arrived in the kingdom on their dragons. The greetings were courteous and regal but the grief couldn't be hidden. A banquet was held to welcome the Vikings but despite the fine wine, the good food, and the merry music, very few could find joy that night.

The following night, the ceremony was performed.

Dressed in their culture's finest garb, the two lovers were placed on the highest platform of a great funeral pyre. The chief's son held a sword while the princess clasped her bow. The dragon was laid to rest on a platform lower. They laid him down to give the appearance that he was sleeping.

Prayers were said in Gaelic and songs were sung in Norse as the King and the Chief slowly walked to the pyre with a burning torch in their hands.

Stoick looked up, taking one last glance at his son, before lowering the torch to the pyre. The flames ate and licked at the wooden structure hungrily. It was soon consumed in flames.

The two men stepped back to either side of the Queen. She took the hand of her grieving husband and carefully took the hand of the grieving chief. They watched the fire burn, the eerie songs of mourning remaining powerful over the monstrous sounds of cracking wood. As the intensity of the heat increased, the circle around the pyre began to retreat and become larger while some mourners felt no need to stay and left.

But then, something extraordinary happened. From the pyre came two small orbs of blue light. They twirled around each other playfully until they solidified in front of the chief and the royals. The adults stared in awe at the sight of Hiccup and Toothless playing

with each other and laughing. The two blue figures were entirely focused on each other and seemed oblivious to the stares of the mourners. Until, another blue orb came flying out of the pyre and solidified into Merida.

Laughing and crying all at once, she ran to Hiccup and embraced him.

The Queen watched with tears in her eyes as she watched the two lovers kiss each other, feeling overjoyed at the sight of pure happiness on the face of her daughter. Merida looked at her mother and smiled while Hiccup looked at his father and nodded with a smile.

The lovers looked at each other, hands interlocked, and they disappeared but not before uttering the words that would be engraved into both Scottish and Viking history until the end of time.

Together shall we be henceforth until the end of eternity.

That last sentence is not mine. It is from the English dub of the anime series **_**Romeo and Juliet**_**** (the only anime I've ever watched).**__

I had this saved in my documents for a while but I have no idea why I didn't post it sooner. Anyway, I hoped you guys enjoyed this and I'll see you with the next story.

End
file.